GROUP OF ESPECIALLY FINE DRAWINGS BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.



Pretty Is As

Dear Children of the Club: Did you ever have a real old Southern "mammy" to tell you that "pretty is as pretty does"? I have many a time, and

fish.

Before I close I want to tell you a big cret. Do you know that the grown like want to come into our club? The her day a gentleman told me he would be to contribute to our page, and some these days I am going to tell you why think they want to come in. But we lil not let them take our page, will we? not let them take our page, which we year make a page of their own, if y want to, and call it The Times-Disch Grown Folks' Club, or something that, but we are going to stick to T. D. C. C.
must stop now till next week. Yours,

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Ily C. Adam, 3604 Grove Avenue, Richnond, Va., for drawing entitled "Ruolph and Blossom."

by Landry, Smoke Bend P. O., La., for
composition entitled "Sugar."
th Barrow, Tobacco, Va., for story
ntitled Bobbie's Kittens."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK. lam, Dolly C. Hobson, Hester, len, Edward, Jr., Johnson, Ella mond, P. H., Jordan, Marshall, Marsian, Maddux, Leslie, Maddux, Wilfred, McGorley, Bessle, Mankin, Irvin, Martin, Grace, Malen, Buford, Florence, Barrow, Ruth A., Burwell, Baldwin, Boette, Ernest. Mankin, Irvi Carson, Willard, Maytin, Grac Clendon, Madge, Nolte, Heler Cleneay, Norma S., Owen, Sara, Cleneay, Norma S.,
Crane, Irene, Parater, Grace,
Catlett, Carter, Powers, Edward,
Chappell, Beulah M., Purdy, Frances,
Calloway, Willie A., Pugh, Irene P.,
Coleman, Mirlam B., Richardson, Lelle
Calloway, C., Reid, Elizabeth,
Cochran, Eleanor, Reid, Ida,
Pase, Hyman, Calloway, Willie A., Pugh, Irene P.,
Coleman, Miriam B.,
Calloway, C.,
Cochran, Eleanor,
Carneal, Louise,
Carneal, Louise,
Carneal, Louise,
Carneal, Alma,
Duffel, Henry,
Duffel, Henry,
Duffel, Henry,
Duffel, Celeste,
Elkins, Nona R.,
Easley, Florence,
Evans Arthur,
Eubank, Mary K.,
Francis, L.,
Forristal, Gertrude,
Ford, Carrie,
Gravatt, Mary R.,
Gray, Marzie,
Gray, Marzie,
Glils, Robert T.,
Glils, Robert T.,
Glils, Robert T.,
Glild, Robert T.,
Glild, Robert T.,
Glild, Robert T.,
Glild, Grave, Walker, Carrie Lee,
Willard, Frank,
Wells, Julia C.,
Wels, Grace L.,
West, Charles H,
ROBBIES KITTEM

Easley, Pierence, Evans Arthur, Stagers, Ernest, Ebbank, Mary K., Smithers, Bernard, Francis, Etwas, John C., Staten, Lewis, Ornvett Mary, T., Thomas, Paul C., Gravitt Mary, T., Thomas, Paul C., Groton, Mary D., Walker, Carte Lee, Gillis, Robert T., Gordon, Mary D., Walker, Carte Lee, Gilliam, Eccleau, Willard, Frank, Herndon, Josephine, Wells, Julia C., Howard, Cla. Wells, Grace L., Wells, Gra

Pretty Is As

Pretty Does

ear Calldren of the Club:
Did you ever have a real old Southern nammy" to tell you that "pretty is as etty does."? I have many a time, and thought of the old-time expression seval days ago, when someone asked me I should prefer to be perfectly beautil or to have a brilliant mind.
Of course, we all want to be good-biding, but all of us cannot be that; so is will just be sweet and good. Your namy" was right when she said: Pretty is as pretty does," for true vableness means much more to you an beauty of face. Did you ever see mebody who at first you thought was ry ugly, and whose face you afterward me to love very dearly. If you wall remember to act sweetly and unselfully, you may be sure you will be loved ore than another little boy or girl who truly beautiful, but who is vain and fifsh. Before I close I want to tell you a big.

Before I close I want to tell you a big.

A white juice runs out, which is very sweet, and this is bolled with a little ren or it is little wor off.

thick, and when the sugar is made of brown sugar. White or loof sugar is made of brown sugar by refining it. The place when this is made in is called a sugar-house LUCY LANDRY.

Smoke Bend P. O., La.

HOW THE NORTHMEN CAME TO AMERICA.

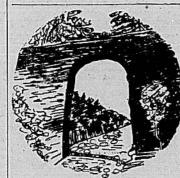
In 1002 four hundred and thirty years before Chritopher Columbus was born, Lief, the son of Eric, started on a voyage of discovery. He was a hardy Norwegian, who lived in Greenland.
His ship was a queer little vessel, rometimes moved by sails and sometimes by oars, but it was tight and strong. He had twenty-five men, and he sailed away southwesteraly. It was early summer, but he met many icabergs just as our vessels now do.

The first land he came to was fellowed.

but he met many lesbergs just as our vessels now do. The first land he came to was flat and stony near the sea. Farther inland, were high mountains with snow on their tops. This land was what is now called Labrador. Still sailing on towards the south, they by and by came to a flat country. This flat country had vast forests, and was what is now called Newfoundland. Here they cast anchor and went on shore, and feasted upon the sweet berries they found growing in abundance.

But they were not content to stop here and so sailed on still fartner south and southwesterly, till they came to another and far different land.

This land had pretty green hills covered with trees, wild plums and berries grew here. The climate was soft, and there were song birds and plenty of squirrels. They liked the look of this land so well they sought along the shore for a har-



NATURAL BRIDGE.

The Snow-White Apron

FLOWERS.

Flowers are the stars of earth, for if there were no flowers would not our earth be like a starless sky! Flowers are the chief beauties of nature; they afford us real pleasure. An invalid's face will brighten at the sight of a beautiful bunch of roses on which the dew is still gilt-terign! We beautify our hones by placing flowers here and there. Little children take great delight in plucking flowers. The meadows.

The busy little bee would make no honey were it not for the sweet essence of the flowers. So all this proves that flowers are useful as well as ornamental.

Now there is a great deal of sentimentality attached to flowers. They are used as emblems of love, nations, States and wars. In the War of the Roses, the two sides took as their emblems the red and white roses.

ALICE BURLET.

Smoke Bend Postoffice, La.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

We all like the News Leader, The Evening Journal is grand; You can say what you choose, but The Times-Dispatch beats the band.

Even a smile may brightened
A heart overwhelmed by cares;
Even a word may lightened
The burden some weary one bears.
The pressure of friendly fingers
May thrill us for many a day;
The memory of kindness lingers
Tho' the giver has passed away.
Selected by GERTRUDE FORRISTAL.
508 North Twenty-fourth Street, City.

OUR DOGS.

My brother and I own two beautiful hound pupples. They are named Kibrain and Sullivan. One is spotted, the other is black. When my brother returned from school he forgot and left his bookbag outside of the yard. The pupples found it, scattered the books and ran away with the book-bag. I suppose they wanted to go with their young master to school.

When Marion went home, Helen said to Evelyn, "I will help you always, now!" And she kept her promise, Suffolk, Va. GRACE L. WELLS.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MAURICE LARUE."

Maurice Larue set out from New York for Switzerland in May. He took his wife, daughter and Oscar with him. "I am tired of the sca.," said Oscar, as he stepped ashore. "So am I." said Emily. "Well, we will soon, soon see something that you will not ger tired of so soon," said Mr. Larue. They hired a man to take them to Berne. They stayed at Berne a week and then they visited Lake



THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Members.

Jumbled Names of "T. D. C. C." bers.

Reidurge.
Tebrehr.
Levney.
Hasrele.
Lenell.
Lullan.
Hipzorpa.
Hasmot.
Zabtelhie.
Majes.
Yrlem.
Renlaceu.
Areeg.
Nafrk.
Hjua.
Rachoe. Oregeg, Hurt, Njho. Sopjehnie, Rescehlh. Giriavni. Lialiwm. Ciale. Ciale, Broter, Efonirce, Hrcradi. Takei, Weadrd, Hatcotler, Laphr. JULIA CHARTER WELLS, Suffolk, Va.

Found on One Cent.

1. Hare.
2. Date.
3. Brow.
4. A wreath.
5. A shield.
6. One sent (or one cent).
7 18 and 98.
8 Indian.
9 The neck.
10 Crown.
11. Liberty.
12 Eyes and nose.
13 Mouth.

To Jumbled Nations.

1 Russia, 2 Germany, 3 United States, 4 Great Britain, 5 France

6 Switzerland. STANLEY DONALDSON. Sio2 Grove Road, R. F. D., No. 2, Rich-mond, Va.

Annie and the Frogs

"Let's go for a walk in the woods," said May one bright morning in June. "No, don't," said Anne, who always was disagreeable to every one. "Let's walk down by the old mill and perhaps we can see some old frogs at which we can throw stones," "Oh, Mary! how could you be so crue! Would you like for any one to throw stones at you?" "Now," said Annie, "don't begin to preach again, but if you are going, come on." "Well alright; come alons," and in a short time they were on their way. Reaching the mill Annie, to her pleasure, saw plenty of frogs sitting by the brook. "Let's have some fun with them, Mary," and not waiting for Mary's reply ran ahead and began picking up large rocks. One after another she threw at the frogs and was enjoying herself immensely. "Mary, mind out; you know it is not alce to throw stones at the poor, helpless frogs." Almost before she had finished speaking she heard a loud noise and then a cry for help. Running to the pond she looked in and saw Annie calling aloud for help, Mary soon got a rope and rescued her; but she was all bruised and her clothes were soiled. "Oh, Mary, how good you are. I wish I had taken your advice and left the frogs alone!" On arriving at home her mother quickly puler to bed, where the doctor said she would have to remain for about a week.

A LETTER IN RHYME.

Dear Editor. This is a rainy day,
So L thought I would stop my play
And tell you what I have to say.
I rode our donkey last Monday.
Four days the sum was shining bright,
I hope you'll be pleased with this rhyme
tells. From your little member,
Suffolk, Va. JULIA C. WELLS.

THE HISTORY OF A DOG

when I was four years old.

LANDON CARTER CATLETT.

EMERLINE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Emerline was a pretty little curley-headed and blue-eyed darling, and once she gave a birthday party. She invited a big crowd of people to come. When yearlor are three or four more pusses and and them, and with so much force that it nearly threw Mrs. Larue and Emily out of their seats. "That was a narrow escape from getting a drenching," said Mr. Larue, "but let us be going home now." Then all four of the Larues set out for Berne. They soon reached the city and were very glad to get a rost. City and were very glad to get a rost. Norwood, Nelson county, Va.

CELESTE DUFFEL.

Hohen Sohns P, O., La.

A POT OF GOLDENROD.

It blossomed on a narrow sill
Above the noisy street—
A pot of feathery golden-rod
From country meadows sweet.
And, waving like a soldier's plume,
Through dust and claders, lent
Its sunshine to the smoky air
And crowded tenement.

From dewy pastures miles away,
Beyond the busy town
A beauty-loving hand had brought
Its living glory down,
Still rooted in its native earth
It pointed to the sky
And preached a sermon round and true
To every passer-by.

To some it was a messenger
From peaceful fields afar,
Where crickets tuned their violins
Beneath the evening star.
And lot to one who early learned
In alien paths to roam
It proved to be a lamp of gold
To light her footsteps home.
Selected by ELIZABETH REID.
No. 23 East Canal street, city.

HOW TOMMY TENDED THE BABY.

ran out of doors as fast as his legs could carry him. In about an hour his mother came home. He had not shut the door tight, and on the top step she found Nelle. But her little neck and arms were bare. Her mother carried her into the sitting-room. She had torn her dress off trying to get away, and it had to go into the rag-bag.

In about fifteen minutes after Tommy came in. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby!" he said. "I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I thought the nails would do it. sure."

CLARENCE SPENCER.

THE LITTLE SEED.

In the heart of a seed, Burled deep, so deep, A dear little plant Lay fast asteep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
Wake, said the voice
Of the rundrops bright.

The little plant heard.
And it rose to see
Whnt the beautiful
Outside world might be.
Selected by ELEANORA COCHRAN.
Burkeville, Va.

THE BUTTONED BOOTS



ton them. Then she cut them again; it was enough, every button was in.

"Hello, little girl!" cried papa, standing in the door with mamma by him, because she was better to-day. "What do you think of them?" asked papa, "They are beautiful!" cried Annie Amelia, "and I was afraid I could not button them, but I fixed them and they are all right now."

"Let me see," said papa, and he took Annie Amelia on his knee. Mamma sat down by him,

Annie Amelia on his knee. Mamma sat down by him.

'She has spolled her new boots.' said mamma, saddy, "This time she will have to be punished."

"What was the trouble " asked papa; "why didn't you use the botton-hook to button them with?"

When Annie Amelia found that she need not have cut her boots the tears fell fast. not have cut.

Her pape thought this would be a lesson to her, so he did not punish her. He told her that he would get Mrs. Willis to its her boots. MADGE CLENDON.

88 North Thirty-first Street, City.

Tommy Teale was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate it, he had to take care of the baby. His mother west out to do some errands, and left film along with his little sister. Tommy felt very hadly about it. Little Nellie cried a great deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but he didn't like to take care of her, when she was very cross. As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk. "Come out, Tommy, he shouted. "Tommy shouted back. "I've got to tend the baby." Shut the door light and she can't get out, said Ned.

"I'c art!" Tommy shouted back. "I've got to tend the baby." Shut the door light and she can't get out, said Ned.

Tommy though it over. He knew more about babies than Ned did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table, or break the lang, An idea came into Tommy's head, He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer, He drove four tacks through her dress and fastened her to the floor. Then he

Letters From The Children

Dear Editor,—I received my nice prize Sabriday, and I am very much obliged to your or sending me such a nice one. I enjoyen ending it very much. I remain your little diend,

GEORGE A. BRUCE.

Dear Editor.—I write to thank you for letti me win a prize. I can never thank you enoug I send you the rest of my story I would ha written before, but I have med and in I remain a member, MARGIE GRAY, 607 N. Seventh St., City. Dear Editor.—I enclose two drawings, which are original. I am very proud of the meds you sent me. I think the TD C. C. pages out of sight. With heet wishes to you an nembers, I am.

LEWIS H. STATON.

1811 W. Main Street, City.

Dear Editor,—We take The Times-Disp, every Sunday, and I like to read the T. D. C. letters. I would like to become a men of the T. D. C. C. I want a badge, and little stert wants one, too, I have two I brothers.

ELEANOR COCHRA Burkeville, Va.

Nelly's Ford, Va.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a little plece called "Hobble's Kittens." I hope you will find it suitbale to publish. I received my hadge, and was very glad to become a member of the T. D. C. Clinb. Well. I must close. From your little friend. Tobacco. Va. RITTH A. BARROW.

Dear Editor.—I have been rending the letters in The Times-Dispatch from the children. It would like to be a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. I am eleven years old. I sent you some drawings last week hope to see one of them in The Times-Dispatch soon, Your little friend.

Blacksburg, Va. EDWARD ALLEN, Jr.

Dear Editor,—I regret very much that I sem in a picture with some blue ink on it and it have drawn another, which I hope will pleasy you. I have not yet received the badge I saked you to send me, and as I wish to become a member, please send me one. Yours truly, BALDWIN BURWELL. II Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.

Dear Editor,—I received my badge the list instant, which I appreciated very much, I am glad to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I will send you a story this week, which is a real one that happened "on the farm," and hope it will escape the waste basket, I will send another one next week, I like The Times-Dispatch, especially the Sunday's paper, Yours truly, ELLA JOHNSON, P. O. Box 155, Lawrenceville, Va.

Doar Editor, We are not members of the T. D. C. C., but have been requested by a nelgibor to send some drawings, so I hope you will send us a badge. I am eleven years old, and my brother Wilfred is eight years old, with best wishes, and hoping to say our work in the paper, we are, J. LESTIE AND WILLERED P. MADDUX. Tree, Va.

Tree, va.

Dear Editor.—This week I enclose you two
drawings, which I made with link as I made
the other with pencil and you could not print
it. We had quite a snowstorm here this week
and were all glad to see it, as we enjoy siedriding. Then when the weather is cold we sit
by the fire and tell stories and play games.
Filinch is our favorite. With love to the members and to you, Dear Editor, I am.
Your little friend. FRANK WOLLARD.
Nelly's Ford, Va.

Nelly's Ford, Va.

Dear Editor, —I want to join the T. D. C. Clab. I think it the most interesting part of the paper. When we receive the paper I always look first for the T. D. C. C. page and enjoy reading it very much, and looking as the pictures. I send a little pleec, which I composed about your paper. I hope it will be fit to printlesh on the T. D. D. C. page. Please send me a badge. Thanking you in advance for the badge. I remain, You're truly. Glen Allen, Va. EMJEN MELFON.

Dear Editor,—It has been some time since I have written to the T. D. C. Club, but I watch the children's page, and I see that they are doing great work. As I am going to private school now I don't have much time, but I am going to try to contribute to the club once a month something to help the page along. I have my badge yet, and only wear it to sometiming special. I were it to the centerts that they are the page along. I were the concerts that I would be the concerts the concerts that I would be the concerts that I would be the co